



# Why me?



👁 265 ✓ 20 ⭐ 23

## Chapter 1 by Christos Georgiou

As he was looking at the fireplace, he realized that no matter how big a piece of wood is, sooner or later only ashes will be remain. He took a deep breath and looked at his cigarette.

## Chapter 2 by Kitiōn



This bout of existentialist thought anchored his resolve for what he had too do,. He studied the embers again, and as predicted the wood was now a husk of ash, and with that he turned towards the bay window and watched his ironic smile reflecting in the glass.

## Chapter 3 by Anastasie



"In our relationship I was like that wood or this cigarette. Her love was a fire. And then I became ash..."-he's been thinking, "This silly girl had no clue who she was playing with. She wanted my money, she got it. Restaurants, fancy clothes, resorts. She got it. But then she stepped across the line. Yeah, It would have become a great detective story. What a pitty, I can't told anyone what I have done with this pretty little thing"

He filled his glass again. It was the 3rd one. Old good scotch. His wife's gift for Christmas.

Now he could not resist the will to talk about this. "I`m freaking genius!!! No one will solve this puzzle"

He hated handwriting, papers and pens so he took his phone and started to type...everything. About him. About their affair. And about where she is now.

## Chapter 4 by jeffyb



I don't know if he's been reading it on his phone or not but those Tinder and Gmail messages look familiar. I mean, he's been reading them for years. He's been reading them to himself.

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Thankfully, that didn't stop him from writing a story. He's a

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Now onto the affair.

### Chapter 5 by intellikat



He met her at a club. She was less than half his age. After a few drinks, it didn't matter anymore.

He drove her back to his home in the hills. His wife was away on assignment as she often was. It was perfectly likely she knew of his affairs. He cared little if she had any of her own. What love, or passion there had even been between them had gone the way of the fireplace embers.

The girl stayed the night, and the morning. He found her overlooking the bay from the large picture window in the living room. And he remembered the three words she said.

"I want this."

He didn't realise what she was willing to do to make this statement a reality. Getting pregnant. Sending emails anonymously to his wife, showing up at his office. He had not known what he was getting into with her when he let his blood rush and drown out his better sense, if any.

And so, he killed her.

### Chapter 6 by L M Ravens



"Oh dear me, this can't be."

Lizzy Grace Kincaid looked at the headline of the paper she'd just bought from a boy, right after he had shouted, "Man killed lover in a secret affair!"

True that she was no official detective. But then again, she had been trusted with two high-profile cases this year - one of the the murder of a well-known artist.

"Tavernock, we've got another one," she talked on the phone.

"Right. First stop?"

Chapter 7 by Vanya

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"How can such a pretty thing go back to ashes just like that?" she whispered to Tavernock looking at the open casket.

Her family looked devastated, daddy's little girl was dead. She offered her condolences to a nearby relative.

Then the phone vibrated, message in.

"Tavernock, let's go. The autopsy results are in".

At the morgue, doctor Rudolf hands Lizzy the files.

"That's strange... She was strangled and yet there are no signs of physical violence or fight. it's almost like she consented to the idea of being murdered." Lizzy looked puzzled.

"Surprised? Wait until you reach page 3" said the doctor.

Lizzy's eyes opened wide, her right hand went straight to her mouth...

Daddy's little girl was in fact a boy!

## Chapter 8 by intellikat



Lizzy was so dumbstruck, she stumbled backward and clutched at her tiny teenage heart.

Tavernock watched coolly from the corner of the room and drew a pack of cigarettes from his breast pocket. He was used to seeing this kind of juvenile theatrics from Miss Lizzie, and were it not for the fact that the Kincaid Estate was paying his rather handsome salary, he would have given her a swift kick in the pants on more occasions than just this one.

"Tavernock."

"Miss Lizzie?"

"Do you think he knew his lover was in fact a boy?"

"Uhmmm..." Tavernock lit the cigarette and took a deep drag. "Yeah. Yeah. I imagine he would have known."

"You're not allowed to smoke in here, sir," said the doctor, pulling a white sheet over the corpse.

"Which agency did you two say you were from again?"

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The doctor took one look at the card, then at Tavernock (who shrugged as if to say "fuckin' whatever man-- you don't know the half of it"), then back to Lizzie.

"It's time for you to go, now," he said brusquely.

On the street outside, Tavernock ground his cigarette out on the pavement.

"Where to now, Miss Lizzie?"

"I noticed the ladyboy below had been wearing a beautiful pair of brown leather pumps. Last year's model. Yet they weren't very worn. I know of only one place where you can buy last season's shoes today. At greatly reduced prices, may I add."

"Designer Shoe Warehouse?"

Lizzie Grace Kincaid cocked her head and winked.

"Let's go."

**the end**

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